

Woman's Viewpoint

ONE OF THE FANTASIES IN DRESS.



FRANCE SENDS OVER AN APRON AND SACK OF GREEN TAFFETA, TO BE WORN ON THE PLAZZA OF COUNTRY HOUSES WHEN DOING FANCY WORK.

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

NEW YORK, May 3.—There is an amazing set of finery that has been brought out by the specialty shops, which, at its initial cost, will appeal only to a reckless spendthrift, but which will undoubtedly appeal to a vast majority of women who can copy it at home at a moderate cost.

It is a sack and wide Brittany apron of silk and lace, to be put over the frock when one is knitting for the soldiers. There are women who will pay \$100 for such a set, just as there are some who will pay \$25 for aingham sunbonnet and \$100 for a sweater.

There is no actual need, of course, for the Brittany apron and sack when one is doing fancy work, but it is one of those happy little summer ideas in costumery that rolls across the continent and gathers adherents in every town. It has something in common with that which Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt brought out at the time that her husband took up the reins of the government; it was reported that she advocated that the ladies of the cabinet meet with her once a week and while sewing or embroidering wear a little sack or coat. This garment was often reproduced in the papers and widely copied.

High-Priced Accessories.

Any sane mind is struck at the in-

hundreds. Even with informal sport clothes—a linen skirt and Angora sweater—there are aprons of widely striped awning cloth, made after the pattern shown in the sketch.

With Marabou and Gold Lace.

The original set which has started this fashion rolling across the continent is of bright green taffeta, embroidered in gold and trimmed with gold lace and marabou—a kind of Marie Antoinette knitting apron, you will say, but excessively attractive.

By the way, gold lace and marabou are used for all kinds of trimming, including hats.

LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO FASHION LAND

A woman of the writer's acquaintance says that for a certain period, at this season of the year, it is her daily habit to cut out and make a shirt waist before breakfast. This she continues to do until she has about two dozen waists of the simpler sort. On the drier waists she applies designs of embroidery, or lets in a bit of lace to enrich the upper part of the garment.

Some women may not believe that a waist can be made before breakfast, but let the doubter study the accompanying design and she will probably realize how quickly it may be cut out and stitched up. The first waist will require a fitting, of course, but the others will not—and the fitting necessary for this design is practically confined to the arrangement of the collar over the back. As will be noted, it does not fit in front.

To make an elaborate waist quickly, one can use all-over embroidery for the cape collar and for the cuffs. For trimming on the edge a frill of narrow embroidery may be used, or one of plain material with a scalloped edge.

When the waist is constructed of sheer material, plain net will make a charming frill for the collar and sleeves. In any event, an edge that displays a lace effect or the finish of embroidery is always more decorative than any other.

Besides the usual silk materials with which every woman is familiar be-



A PRETTY WAIST.

tiful fabrics are to be found among linens and cottons. One of these, a sheer cross-hatched cotton, makes a lovely blouse, and the same quality of goods appears also with embroidered figure over the surface. For sport waists there are a number of fine king-hams in contrasting stripes of soft colors. These gingham are much affected by fashionable tailors. A still less expensive material is cotton crepe, which comes in every color and in both plain and fancy styles.

THE DAILY MENU

| | | |
|-----------------|----------------|---------------|
| Oranges | Fried Tomatoes | Cereal |
| Buttered Toast | | Coffee |
| LUNCHEON | | |
| Toasted Muffins | Hashed Lamb | Potato Cakes |
| Junket | Cookies | Tea |
| DINNER | | |
| Chicken Pie | Puree of Peas | Stewed Celery |
| Baked Potatoes | | Cold Slaw |
| Fruit Gelatine | | Coffee |

LITTLE STORIES for BEDTIME

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

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Peter Rabbit Jumps for His Life.

Black Pussy wasn't the least bit hungry. Oh, my, no! She had had all the milk she could possibly drink and all the meat she wanted besides. In fact, Black Pussy never had known since she was born what it was to be hungry and not be able to fill her stomach.

So this beautiful spring morning she had had the best of breakfasts and there wasn't the least excuse in the world for her to even think of hunting anybody. Now, Black Pussy can be as gentle and loving as any one I know of. She can purr so softly that you would never guess that she can be cruel and heartless, and that in her heart always is the longing—the black longing—to hunt and kill. It is because of this that she is so hated and feared by the little people of the Green Forest, the Old Orchard and the Green Meadows. They wouldn't mind so much if she had to hunt them in order to live. It is because she doesn't have to hunt them, yet does it, that they hate, fear and despise her.

On this particular morning she sat on the doorstep of Farmer Brown's house trying to decide whether to go down on the Green Meadows and try to catch Danny Meadow Mouse just for fun, or to go over to the Old Orchard and see if she could catch one of the feathered folks there. From where she

sat she could see into the Old Orchard. Presently she saw something moving there. A cruel, eager gleam crept into her yellow eyes.

"Ah," murmured Black Pussy to herself. "It's that Rabbit who lives down in the Old Brier Patch! What business has he up here, I'd like to know. He has been too smart for me so far, but one of these days I will be too smart for him. I'll just keep my eye on him now. He seems to have something on his mind. I hope he has. If he has he'll be careless. I never knew it to fail."

Of course it was Peter Rabbit, and you remember he did have something on his mind. He was trying to find the



IT WAS A REGULAR JUMPING MATCH, AND PETER'S LIFE WAS THE PRIZE FOR WHICH THEY WERE JUMPING.

new home of Winsome Bluebird. Black Pussy watched him as he hopped about through the Old Orchard, looking up in the trees for a glimpse of the beautiful blue coat of Winsome Bluebird. She saw that Peter was so interested in what he was doing that for once he had forgotten to watch out for danger. Swiftly and silently Black Pussy stole across to the stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard. Carefully she raised her head and peeped over, the tip of her black tail twitching with eager-

ness. Peter was hopping about in the most careless way.

Black Pussy crept over the wall, and then, making herself as fat as possible, crawled swiftly behind a tree and lay flat down in the grass. Nearer came Peter, and nearer. Only the tip of Black Pussy's tail moved. A hard, cruel light grew in her yellow eyes. Nearer came Peter, and nearer. Careless Peter! He knew that the Old Orchard was not a safe place for him in broad daylight, but he had forgotten. Dear me, dear me, what a dreadful thing it is to forget! Here was Peter letting his curiosity lead him straight into danger and forgetting to even watch out. And there was no one about to give him warning. Another hop would bring him within a single jump of Black Pussy.

Right then she made a mistake, a mistake which other people often make. She let eagerness overcome patience. Yes, sir, that is what she did. Instead of waiting for Peter to make that next hop she crept forward just a few steps, and then, just as she prepared to spring on him, Peter saw her. Right then and there there was a lot of jumping. To begin with, Peter's heart jumped right up in his mouth. Anyway, he thought it did. Peter himself jumped, jumped with all the strength of those long hind legs of his, which, you know, are meant for jumping. And Black Pussy jumped. It was a regular jumping match, and Peter's life was the prize for which they were jumping. For just a wee bit of time—long as it would take you to count on—it was a question which would win, Peter or Black Pussy.

Fashions and Fads.

Topcoats hang in mantlelike fullness. Large hats are, as usual, in good style. Neckwear is trimmed with tiny tucks. New, is the taffeta hat trimmed with straw flowers.

Some of the latest straw hats have velvet crowns.

Fashion brings us the ribbed stocking this season.

A very effective way to trim a frock is to bind it on all sides with ribbon of contrasting color.

A novel effect in trains is gained by draping a piece of satin from the left

Fresh and Refreshing

"SALADA!"

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table.

B 119

BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

Children take to Krumbles at the first taste—and this new whole wheat food is just what their active minds and bodies need.

Look for this signature—

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At your grocer's

10¢



Kellogg's
Krumbles
All Wheat
Ready to Eat

THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE

W.K. Kellogg

ANURIC?

The Newest Discovery in Chemistry.

This is a recent discovery of Dr. Pierce, who is head of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. Experiments at Dr. Pierce's Hospital for several years proved that there is no other eliminative of uric acid that can be compared to it. For those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation—as backache, scalding urine and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, it is simply wonderful how surely "Anuric" acts. The best of results are always obtained in cases of acute rheumatism in the joints, in gravel and gout, and invariably the pains and stiffness which so frequently and persistently accompany the disease rapidly disappear.

Go to your nearest drug store and simply ask for a 50-cent package of

"Anuric," manufactured by Dr. Pierce, or even write Dr. Pierce for a large trial package (10 cents). If you suspect kidney or bladder trouble, send him a sample of your water and describe symptoms. Dr. Pierce's chemist will examine it, then Dr. Pierce will report to you without fee or charge. Note—"Anuric" is thirty-seven times more active than lithia in eliminating uric acid, and is a harmless but reliable chemical compound that may be safely given to children, but should be used only by grown-ups who actually wish to restore their kidneys to perfect health by conscientiously using one box—or more in extreme cases—as "Anuric" (thanks to Dr. Pierce's achievement) is by far the most perfect kidney and bladder corrector. Dr. Pierce's reputation is back of this medicine.—Advertisement.

In The Sunday Star

Mr. T. Roosevelt—Please Write

There is a page of pictures in our next Sunday Magazine which ought to interest one of our former Presidents. Seven of the biggest families in the United States send their photographs. When you have seen them you will be glad you haven't missed them.

With All Their Past Before Them

Do you know what our celebrities looked like when their future instead of their past was before them? They made droll pictures. You will see the childhood pictures of twelve celebrities in our next Sunday Magazine.

How Children Feel About Life

For some reason or other more children commit suicide in Prussia than anywhere else in the world. There are reasons why a child kills himself. H. Addington Bruce, specialist in psychology, tells about the child who kills himself.

Meredith Nicholson's Great Story

Mr. Richard had a fiancée, but it was very much doubted that she was the right one. Don't miss this remarkable story in our next Sunday Magazine.

Quick, Doctor: the Giraffe Has a Sore Throat!

What would you do if your pet giraffe developed a cough? You would probably send for Dr. Blair. He is an interesting fellow, whose picture and story are in our next Sunday Magazine.

Was Methuselah a Mason?

He might have been, thinks Mr. Abraham Kittlehune, who is 100 years old. If you are a Mason you won't miss this story in our next Sunday Magazine. If you are not you will be interested in it, nevertheless.

Countess of Clams

Mrs. Amy F. Fullerton of Massachusetts makes \$4,000 a year clamming clams. See her picture in our next Sunday Magazine.

A Price on His Head

Jim Baker is not very well known any more because he killed a man; neither is he very communicative. You will be interested in his picture and story in our next Sunday Magazine.

In The Sunday Star

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